For ſhe is wiſe, if *I* can iudge of her,
and faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
and true ſhe is, as ſhe hath proou'd herſelfe:
And therefore like herſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true,
ſhall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule. Enter *Ieſſica.*
What, art thou come, on gentleman, away,
our maſking mates by this time for vs ſtay. *Exit.*
Enter *Anthonio.*

An. VVhoſe there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio?*

Anth. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the reſt?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maſke to night, the wind is come about
Baſſanio preſently will goe abord,
I haue ſent twentie out to ſeeke for you.

Gra. I am glad ont, I deſire no more delight
then to be vnderſaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*
Enter *Portia* with *Morrocho* and both
theyr traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the curtaines and diſcouer
the ſeuerall caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. This firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if *I* doe chooſe the right?

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
if you chooſe that, then *I* am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me ſee,
I will ſuruay th'inſcriptions, back againe,
What ſaies this leaden casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath,
Muſt giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all

doe

doe it in hope of faire aduan
A golden minde ſtoopes n
Ile then nor giue nor hazar
What ſayes the ſiluer with h
Who chooſeth me, ſhal get
As much as he deſerues, pa
and weigh thy valew with a
If thou beeſt rated by thy e
thou dooſt deſerue enough
May not extend ſo farre as
And yet to be afeard of my
vvere but a weake diſabling
As much as *I* deſerue, why
I doe in birth deſerue her, a
in graces, and in qualities of
but more then theſe, in loue
vvhat if *I* ſtraid no farther, b
Lets ſee once more this ſayi
Who chooſeth me ſhall gai
Why thats the Ladie, all th
From the foure corners of t
kiſſe this ſhrine, this mo
The Hircanion deſerts, and
Of wide Arabia are as thro
for Princes to come view fa
The waterie Kingdome, wh
Spets in the face of heauen,
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits
as ore a brooke to ſee faire
One of theſe three contain
*I*ſt like that leade containes
to thinke ſo baſe a thought
to ribb her ſercecloth in the
Or ſhall I thinke in ſiluer ſ
beeing tenne times vnderva
O ſinful thought, neuer ſo
vvas ſet in worſe then gold.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRAR